With Winter came the Omega

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With Winter came the Omega

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Eminent psychiatrist and society alpha loses his heart most unexpectedly.

Five ficlets, each covering the 19th to 23rd Dec for Seasons Slick - all part of one story.
(I have a different separate story for the 24th)

Stalking

Chapter Summary

19 Dec: ~~Decorations / Hunting~~ / Stalking

Hannibal knows the omega is there.

With winter came the omega.

A shy little thing that had stalked Hannibal for weeks before making his presence known. Hannibal had of course known the instant the inexperienced waif had started to skirt around the edges of Hannibal's life. Though mostly his garden, venturing ever closer to the house leaving the scent of preheat lingering in his wake.

It was an unfamiliar scent, Hannibal would certainly remember it had he encountered it before. So rich but soft. Delicate but something more. Like a rose with petals of iron. As with all omegas, it hinted at the personality of the bearer.

Many a scent had put Hannibal off in the past, despite a pretty face or well bred manners. But this? This scent spoke of a strong, feisty omega that would not kowtow to him. But one currently living secluded in the snow and increasingly in need of an alpha.

And he seemed to have chosen Hannibal.

Hannibal hummed as he opened the door to his back garden, scenting that the omega was still lingering, as he did some nights.

This was no game of cat and mouse. He was sure the omega must know that he had been scented, he was simply waiting for the desired opportunity to, inevitably, introduce himself.

Hannibal wandered into the garden, walking to the night blooms and taking in their scent - altered by the sweetness of the hint of omega on the air. It was beautiful.

When Hannibal returned to the house, he left the door ajar despite the cold it would let in. Not simply unlatched, but a clear invitation. If the omega wanted to take it. And Hannibal sorely hoped he did.

Scenting

Chapter Summary

Will accepts the alpha's invitation.

20 Dec: Scenting ~~/ Candles / Wax Play~~

Will crept into the house once he'd seen the lights go off.

He'd been living practically feral for a year, something that wasn't so uncommon. Omegas running away from their nature and being forced into marriages for the sake of their biology. Of course it wasn't as bad as it had been in the past for many omegas. Those living in the big cities with forward thinking parents.

But for Will? The omegan son of a redneck drunk, he ran away the moment he realised his dad's taunts about one day selling him for booze money were about to become a reality. Whilst it was widely acknowledged that Will was a pretty enough omega that he might get interest from a wealthy old alpha wanting to get children on him, Bill Graham had no connections to facilitate such a thing. Will left once he realised his father had been meeting with the owner of the local Omega House.

If he was to be a whore it would be on his own terms and of his own choosing.

This alpha was of his choosing.

A wealthy, well to do man. Which was enticing of course, but there was more to it than that. Firstly the draw of an alpha who could easily have any omega of his choosing but instead remained single. Secondly, the reason he suspected the man's dedication to being a bachelor - he was an active hunter.

A true alpha. The scent gave it away. The lingering tang of blood just under the surface.

If living with his father - a man who planned to sell him for his next bottle of whiskey - had taught Will anything, it was what he wanted in an alpha. This man - Doctor Hannibal Lecter, as he'd discovered rooting through his trash - was exactly what he wanted.

He closed the door softly behind him and toed off the dirty old boots. With damp socks, and trouser cuffs wet from the snow, Will made his way quietly through the house and found the stairs.

The scent of alpha was much stronger now inside, and it made him throb, bringing his heat on all the quicker. He could feel that in the blood thundering around his veins and the

inescapable urge to rub his scent glands against the coats hanging on the fancy rack by the front door.

It was easy to find the bedroom, and again the door had been left ajar either by intent or habit.

The alpha was breathing softly and Will could make out his shape on the bed. This should be easy.

If the alpha hadn't wanted him he wouldn't have let him come in. Will had made his presence clear enough, and could have been chased off at any time but hadn't been.

This should be as easy as waking the alpha and presenting for him.

Will crept onto the bed and then stopped as a dim lamp behind him flicked on.

There, in an armchair in the corner of the room, sat the alpha. His fingers steepled and a brow raised.

"What do we have here?"

Will shuddered, feeling as much a wave of arousal as a concern.

"My little nighttime visitor. I've been looking forward to finally meeting you."

Will arranged himself on the bed to look enticing, leaning against the shape on the bed that he could now see was a bolster pillow. He tried his best to seem submissive though it was clear the alpha could see how false that was.

"You've come to introduce yourself, to seek an alpha for your heat." The alpha continued. "I may not be satisfied with that. What if I took you, knotted you and sank my teeth into your neck?"

Will shivered even as he glared at the alpha for laying it all so bare. Wouldn't that be the perfect solution? Hadn't Will already decided that before he entered this house?

Yes. But he didn't want to be so immediately willing.

But then the alpha asked, "Why don't you come over here?" He patted his knee and Will went to him.

Lingerie

Chapter Summary

Will is Hannibal's early Christmas present ready to be unwrapped.

21 Dec: ~~Christmas Stockings~~ / Lingerie / ~~Chastity~~

Chapter Notes

The school hols started early and work has been super busy so I'm a little behind on these and writing them on the fly and then posting as I've not been able to get ahead of them. So apologies for the quality, errors and roughness of these. I hope you enjoy them anyway!

Hannibal came home at his usual time. Something that had been a struggle over the last few days since the omega had been living with him. If he could stay home all day, he would.

He recalled that first night, the omega perched on his knee as they explored each other's limits. The feel of the omega's soft skin under those dirty clothes was enjoyable, but more so stripping him and bathing him.

The omega, Will, clearly had a low tolerance for pampering but endured. His eyes burned intensely and Hannibal enjoyed seeing how far he might be able to push the omega before he bared his teeth.

It had been a very enjoyable evening despite his not taking the omega. Nor had he since. Resolute that he would wait until the omega went into heat, much to Will's annoyance. Another thing that was quite delightful to be on the receiving end of. Usually, Hannibal detested the rude, and yet this hostile but willing little thing was quite a joy.

And so he had been for the last three days and Hannibal was eager to get home every evening to the grumpy little beauty, increasingly nearer to his heat.

And now, stepping inside, Hannibal could scent it immediately. It took everything in him to slowly discard his coat and then calmly take the stairs.

That first evening the boy had protested that he could look after himself and didn't need the pampering the alpha offered him. To which Hannibal had insisted that, although it was clear the omega could look after himself, he simply wanted to make him all the more comfortable.

He had no intention of treating the young man as the disposable whore he clearly expected to be treated as.

In fact he'd made a point to pick up gifts the evening previous, to make that clear. Some grooming products, simple but comfortable clothes, chocolates and soft blankets and-

Hannibal's breath caught in his throat as he stood in his bedroom doorway and looked at the vision before him.

In a nest of blankets atop Hannibal's large bed lay the divine omega in the red and white lingerie Hannibal had bought.

The scent of slick was strong and there was a hint of dampness at Will's crotch.

The omega slowly turned his gaze on Hannibal, seductive yes. But also speaking of the heat addled haze Will found himself in, his eyes glassy and pupils dilated.

"Mmm, daddy you're home. Come and unwrap me, I'm your early Christmas present." Will's words were more taunt than tease, as though making fun of that sort of stereotypically expected omegan behaviour. But all the same he stretched himself out, arching his back and reaching out an arm to Hannibal.

Hannibal began to remove his clothing on the way to the bed.

"You certainly are a gift," He murmured, "But I don't think I'll unwrap you. You look so ravishing."

Will let out a chuckle, clearly enjoying this little game they seemed to be playing. And also very clearly allowing his heat to take hold. He could fight it, retain control and just get through it in a perfunctory way. But instead he had given in to the natural high of it, and nothing was a greater honour for an alpha than an omega allowing this. It showed a trust that couldn't be faked.

As Hannibal finished removing his clothes, sliding his underwear off to reveal his hard and wanting cock, Will hummed his approval.

"I've never let anyone have me during my heat before," Will told him, breathlessly. And when he reached for Hannibal again, the alpha went.

Just the thought to be the first to seed this omega during his heat made Hannibal's body vibrate.

"I will adore you forever if you'll let me." Hannibal confessed as he kissed at Will's neck, over his scenting gland where Hannibal so desperately wanted to sink his teeth. "You don't need looking after, you're not impressed by a wealthy alpha, but you want me. Because you know what I am." Hannibal continued as he kissed down Will's throat. "You want a strong, powerful alpha."

"Yes, I know." Will confirmed, arching his back as Hannibal's mouth skimmed over the thin brassiere holding the omega's barely there plumpness. The words turned into a groan as

Hannibal lathed his tongue over the fabric until he was able to graze his teeth over the peaked nipple within.

“I know,” Will confessed. “I know what kind of alpha you are. No other alpha would do for me.”

“Unless you met someone more adept a hunter than I?” Hannibal wondered aloud as he kissed down Will’s belly. The place where he one day hoped to plant a child. “Could I lose you to a rival?”

Will gasped as Hannibal’s mouth reached his own hard cock. The omega’s underwear grew all the more damp from his own slick and Hannibal’s saliva as the alpha made love to him with his mouth. Finally he pulled the panties to one side, letting Will spring free. And from there he nuzzled down Will’s cock and further until he was tonguing at Will's slick entrance and tasting him.

“No,” Will moaned, “You can’t lose me. You, ugh ngg, you wouldn’t let anyone take me.” Will panted the words. “You’d kill any rival that came close enough. All would be inferior to you.”

Hannibal growled his acknowledgement and moved back up Will’s body.

He barely knew what he was going to do before he did it, positioning himself and thrusting deep inside the omega as though to claim him. Will cried out at the unexpected penetration, a sound of pure pleasure.

“I will kill anyone that comes near you,” Hannibal agreed with a snarl.

He was rewarded by Will’s bright, if slightly heat addled smile, as the omega wrapped himself entirely around Hannibal, drawing him deeper.

“Knot me alpha, bite me. Make me yours forever.”

Hannibal shuddered at the words and then did as asked.

Ice Play

Chapter Summary

Will has fun in high society

22 Dec: ~~Snow~~ / Ice Play / ~~Creature Fic~~

Doctor Hannibal Lecter, the alpha that Will had chosen to be his, was a society man.

Will was much more comfortable with his own company, and had never much enjoyed being around large groups. Most likely because most of his exposure to crowds had been a childhood of being dragged to bars by his dad, until he stopped paying his tabs and only drank at home. Even so, he remained the quiet child sitting in the corner, waiting for his old man to pass out.

But now Will was the mate of an alpha that had once been considered the most eligible of bachelors. And it was his place to attend such things as this Christmas cocktail party they now found themselves at.

His heat had ended only a day earlier and Hannibal seemed titillated at the idea of showing Will off with such a fresh bonding bite mark on his neck, the scent of their mating still lingering. The thought of scandalising high society amused Hannibal so much that Will couldn't deny him. And it *was* amusing, watching the blushes and wide eyes at the realisation.

And Hannibal wasn't shy in his honesty of the situation. Taking great pride in explaining that the omega on his arm had sought him out and that he couldn't be more honoured.

He made Will feel like a figure of worship rather than a feral stalker, and Will didn't hate it.

Didn't hate the way that Hannibal's eyes hungrily found him no matter where he was in the large room. He didn't hate the way Hannibal's subtle posturing was enough to make even the most confident alpha simper.

Hannibal was practically royalty to these people and now Will was too. The omegan son of a redneck drunk and the bonded mate of an illustrious doctor and superior alpha. A hunter.

Will couldn't help but enjoy the way Hannibal watched him from across the room. The alpha caught talking politely with colleagues, and Will freshening up his drink.

When he realised Hannibal was watching he took great pains to fish an ice cube from his glass and slowly pass it over his lips before sucking it into his mouth.

Hannibal's expression was dark with want and several memories of being knotted and bred by the alpha came unbidden to Will's mind.

Hannibal's nostrils flared, clearly honing in on the aroused scent of his mate.

Will remained where he was, next to the drinks table, as he watched Hannibal make a small bow and excuse himself. He played another cube over his lips as Hannibal stalked across the room and then crowded him against the wall in as gentle a way as he could. It might look to others that they were merely having a private discussion, but Will could feel the tension, the raging desire beneath the surface.

"I think we should leave before I ravish you right here," Hannibal growled against Will's ear.

Will chuckled, "Wouldn't it be rude to leave so soon?"

"Not at all, I'm sure our gracious host will understand that you are still feeling weak from your heat."

"And that you are still feeling the ache of a wanting knot." Will teased, at which Hannibal growled and took the glass from Will's hand.

He set it down carefully before placing a gentle hand to the small of Will's back and guiding him towards the exit.

Not an hour later, after driving to the place he now called home through thick snow that did nothing but remind Will of the ice in his glass, Hannibal had Will laid out on the dining room table.

They hadn't made it any further, and Hannibal had apparently not intended them to. He made quick work of tearing off Will's clothes before leaving him exposed and chilly on the table, only to return with a wine chilling bucket, minus the wine.

Will cried out when the alpha ran the first cube over his nipple. It was too much, not enough. It was everything.

"I would warn you to be a good boy next time we go out, but I don't expect it would change your ways, would it." Hannibal said, running the ice cube down Will's belly and letting it sit in his belly button.

Will shivered and panted, trying to catch his breath against the sensation of the ice.

"No daddy," Will finally managed, teasing and grinning.

Hannibal hummed his acknowledgment and then pulled another cube of ice from the bucket.

"Incorrigible little brat," He accused as Will chuckled.

Chuckling that turned abruptly to a gasp and a wail as Hannibal slid the ice between his open thighs and inside him.

“Yes, daddy.” Will shuddered, knowing he could spend a lifetime with this alpha and it still not be enough.

Kissing

Chapter Summary

A wonderful Christmas surprise

23 Dec: ~~Mistletoe~~ / Kissing / ~~True Mates~~

Hannibal woke to find Will gone.

He roused quickly and dismissed his immediate concern, thinking the omega must have simply gone to the bathroom. And so he rolled over, taking in the scent of Will's pillow and realising how cool that side of the bed had become.

They were bonded, mated. Will had sought him out. Surely the omega wouldn't have cut and run now that he was recovered from his heat and fed and clothed?

No. He knew only small parts of the omega's past, only a few things Will had said here and there over the short time they had known each other. Even had he not been a psychiatrist he would have clearly understood the boy's background and resultant issues. Not least his desire to find not only a decent alpha, but one who wouldn't treat him as a typical omega.

He had to be downstairs.

Hannibal slipped into his robe and made his way down to the kitchen, expecting to find the omega looking for food, which hadn't been uncommon so far in his residency. Will could stand to put on a few pounds so it was something he encouraged.

But the house was dark and cold. Though the cold might have been the new sensation of loneliness at the absence of his omega.

"Will?" Hannibal asked tentatively, feeling unsettled and about to dress and start to search. But then there was a noise from the dining room.

Hannibal strode through the house quickly, opening the door so violently it almost came off the hinges.

His breath caught in his throat at the sight of Will laying out a body on the table. It looked as though the man had been beaten to death and certainly Will was covered in blood and his knuckles were bleeding.

"Will," Hannibal said, breathless. Almost speechless at the beautiful visage.

Will looked up at him, looking as feral as he had the first night they had met.

“Went out for a walk. Found him beating his dog.” Will said, his teeth barred.

Hannibal could understand that, after living wild for so long, his omega might feel cooped up and in need of some outdoor activities. But he had not expected this.

Will looked up at him, eyes bright, sparkling. An eager smile. “I’d usually leave them in the woods or something. But I wanted to surprise you. He’s a gift for you.”

Hannibal drew in a breath and felt his chest swell.

“The true gift here Will, is knowing I have found an equal in you, my beautiful mate.” Hannibal replied before moving forward and taking Will in his arms. Feeling the dampness of sweat, rain and blood.

“Perfect for Christmas dinner.” Hannibal murmured softly, earning a pleased smile and light chuckle from Will.

Unable to resist any further, he leaned in, muttering “Merry Christmas, Will,” against the omega’s lips before taking them in a soft, deep kiss that tasted of the dead man’s blood.

He made a note to ask Will what had become of the dog, because the muddy paw prints next to the table did not escape his notice. But for now? His only focus was the wonderful omega that winter had brought him.

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